# Unsolved Mystery of Three Misers and Their Hoarded Treasures

HERE are the stories of the hoardings of three misers. One of these put his savings away securely, so securely that they cannot be found; the other two were more careful about hiding their identity than their money, so that their fortunes remain unclaimed.

The miser whose money has been lost was Richard Tilley Denton. He was an Englishman who inherited $20,000 as a young man, but with strict economy he managed to keep this money intact until he grew old. When he was sixty-five years of age his wife died, and feeling that he should make his home with a member of his family he decided to live with his daughter, a Mrs. Rachel Anne Hone, resident in Rahway, N. J. Accordingly he sailed from Liverpool in the latter part of 1803 and arrived in New York on a bleak autumn evening. His first night ashore he spent in a cheap lodging house on the water front, for he did not like the idea of finding his way through unfamiliar parts at night, especially as he had his $20,000 with him.

He arrived at Mrs. Hone's home next day without mishap, however, and that afternoon he and the Hone family had a feast for their eyes when he spread his fortune out on a table. It was an enticing pile of gold composed of 4,000 sovereigns. Mrs. Hone felt nervous with all that money in the house, and so she suggested that he bank the money at the first opportunity; consequently the two started for New York next morning with the gold in two canvas bags that were wrapped in newspapers.

They went to the banking district, which at that time centred around the City Hall, and while the daughter stood waiting at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street the father went on in search of a bank. She stood there only fifteen minutes, for at the end of that lapse of time he returned and told her that he had found the sort of bank he wanted and had deposited the money. But he was a shrewd and reticent old man, and to all her inquiries as to the location and name of the bank he would give no answer.

Not many months after he had done this Richard Denton was stricken with apoplexy and died without being able to give any directions that would lead to the locating of his money. There were no bank books found among his effects, nor did he leave any papers that gave a clue, and to this day those two bags of gold remain unfound. Every bank that was doing business in that day has been ransacked, but to no avail. A daughter of Mrs. Hone has continued the search down to the present, but it is not likely that she will find the money. Perhaps some bank clerk stole it and covered up his deed, or perhaps Richard Denton hid the money overnight and carried decoys on the morning he and his daughter went to Manhattan.

Michael King was another miser whose death brought about a mystery. King was born in Ireland, in 1837, and when he was three years old his parents died, leaving him and a younger sister to the care of their grandparents. The boy stayed with the old people until he was eighteen years old, when he went to America, and not long afterward his sister left Ireland to go to England. For a time the brother and sister kept in touch with each other, but after a while all correspondence between them ceased.

The years passed. Michael King grew to manhood and took a wife, Mary Russell, of Troy, N. Y., whom he married in 1862. A few years later his wife died. No children had been born to the couple, so, being lonely, Michael again married. This time he became the husband of a New York girl, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham. No children resulted from this union either, and when this second wife died he again found himself a lonely widower. Evidently King was not a man who had any dislike for the yoke of marriage, for he married a third time. He led Miss Hannah Reagan, of New

It Was an Enticing Pile of Gold Composed of 4,000 Sovereigns.

York city, to the altar in the summer of 1885. This wife, who was the sister of Police Captain Reagan, bore King's first child, a son. But the boy lived only two years and was buried in Calvary Cemetery. King survived the mother, too, for she died in August, 1906, leaving him a widower for the third time.

After her death King moved to an old, rundown tenement at No. 8 Downing street, New York. Here he led the life of a sort of hermit. He had very little intercourse with his neighbors; they knew him only as a miserly old man of seventy who worked at night as a watchman and who kept to himself during the day. The few that ever caught a glimpse of the interior of the flat in which he lived were impressed with the meagreness with which it was furnished and the unkempt condition of the place. As the months went by this old carpenter (carpentry had been his trade in his youth) became one of the characters of old Greenwich Village, and such he continued to be until his death in June, 1907.

He died alone and without previous medical attendance. This latter circumstance necessitated a visit of the coroner, and while that official was making an examination of the place he came across bank books which showed that Michael King was a depositor in twelve banks. This old miser, who had managed to get along with almost less than a sufficient amount of food, died worth $12,000! As soon as the coroner found that the man had died a natural death, the effects were turned over to the Public Administrator and search was started for the man's heirs. Agents were immediately sent to Ireland to look up the man's sister, but they found not the least trace of her nor of any member of King's family. If she is still alive she is a woman of seventy-three, and quite possibly she would welcome an inheritance of $12,000. She is the only heir that the law will recognize, otherwise the money would have been disposed of a year or so ago when Patrick Russell, brother of King's first wife, put in a claim to it. And while the search for Michael's sister goes on the $12,000 lies waiting in the city treasury.

The third miser was a man who was known to frequenters of the Tenderloin as "Kane the Cabby." For forty years Frank D. Kane drove a cab about the gay part of town and during that time made the acquaintance of many "sports," saloon keepers, gamblers, policemen and others who haunt the Tenderloin for business or pleasure. That was before the advent of the taxicab, and a cabman had an individuality then. Hence Kane's alliterative nickname.

His stand for a good many years was in front of Rector's, and it was a lucrative one. But the fact that he took in goodly sized fees almost every night did not lead Kane to spend freely. He carefully banked all he got, and would draw out only such sums as he required to pay for his living. He was in fact a miser, and, like most misers, had a mistrust of banks which led him to divide his deposits among no less than ten institutions. For sixteen years previous to his death in 1908 Kane lived in a boarding house in East Fortieth street. He was friendly with his fellow boarders, but by no means intimate. Not even his landlady could break down the man's reserve, but it was understood in the house that he had a past. Quite evidently his right name was not Kane, for that is the name of natives of Ireland, and this man's features plainly showed that he was of Jewish extraction.

Only once did he let any information concerning his youth escape him. He remarked casually during an ordinary conversation that he had been born in Chicago, that his parents had died when he was very young and that his boyhood had been spent on a farm in Illinois. And that is all that is known about him.

His death was a sudden one. He was survived only by an old bay mare and an ancient cab. After waiting for the man's heirs to appear the Public Administrator sold both of these and with the money bought a grave in Kensico Cemetery. Frank D. Kane lies in that grave; "Frank D. Kane" is the inscription on the tombstone, but it means nothing. He might just as well have been buried under any other name, in so far as that one identifies him. And it is important that he be identified, for in the city treasury there are many thousands of dollars waiting for any one who will bring forth a legal claim to it.

**A stirring tale, in which is divulged the secrets and operations of a band of wiretappers, will be the subject of next week's article.**

# Exiled Hindu Prince Student Declares Dancing Is Not for Men

"DO you tango?" asked the interviewer.

The countenance of Mr. D. S. Gill, student of the Columbia School of Mines, grew a little dark and haughty. Politeness struggled with distaste.

"No," he said somewhat sternly, "we do not dance; only women dance. Before their own people, in their homes, the women of our families dance. In the public places, where only men can see them, the women not morally high dance; but as for men—never!"

"But you see all the men dancing, especially now when everybody is so enraptured with the pastime."

"Yes, for the men here; but there are some customs which we do not adopt, even when we come to your country. To us it would seem unsuitable for men to dance."

D. S. Gill has converted his sonorous name of Sirdar Dalip Singh Gill into the Americanized version which appears on the Columbia University register, in order that he may be a democrat of the democrats. He wishes to take no undue state during his university career, and has further demonstrated his desire for American simplicity by setting aside his title of Sirdar, which means military chief and which at home entitles him to deference from everybody in rank below a prince. Not only is he showing his determination to be very modern and very American by appearing upon the rolls in so unpicturesque a guise, but he has gone in for a far more vital innovation.

Mr. Gill has set aside the most insistent tradition of his ancestors—he is working for his living, and yet his father is a military chieftain and a Sikh, who traces his ancestry fourteen hundred years. Like all his race, he can see no reason why any son of his should wander to foreign lands and spend his days in hard labor for the acquirement of practical arts in no way necessary for the proper conduct of life of a Hindu of position.

In order that he may take back to his home the diploma of the Columbia School of Mines, Sirdar Dalip Singh, as he would be called in his home, is living in partial defiance of the will of his parents, who do not desire that he should stay in this country. For that reason he does not receive from his family the income which was at first sent to him when he started out to see the world, and his parents supposed that he would speedily return to them to settle down like the rest of his friends to a life of ease, broken only, perhaps, by military activity from time to time.

"I wanted to come to the United States even when I was a little boy," explains Dalip Singh. "I used to read about it in my first books and I was more interested in this country than in any other. When I finally got here I found it all that I had thought. I shall go back to my country when I have completed my studies, but I shall never return to the life that most of my friends lead. I shall make money for myself. I like the way that everybody in the United States starts out to make money for himself. At home my father would say, 'There is plenty of money for us to live well; why cannot you do as I have done and as your grandfather did? What has done for us will do for you. It is not proper that a son of mine should labor for money.'

"Here also," said Dalip Singh sagaciously, "many persons will tell you that it is not right to run after money so very hard, but I notice that they are all running."

At home Dalip Singh might now be living either in the town residence of his father, in Piatella, or in the suburban villa in whose flower filled court the family gathers during the pleasant weather.

"There for my pleasure I could hunt tigers and lions in the jungles," said Dalip Singh, "or the wild boar, which is even more dangerous. I have often hunted the wild boar, but that was in my boyhood when I was too small and weak to use a spear. I used a rifle to shoot the boar, but this would not now be permitted, because it has been too easy to kill the animals in this way. Even children can shoot the beast, and this has led to an unwise slaughter. Now there is a law in the State of Piatella that the boar can be killed only with the spear. To throw the spear takes not only skill but strength, and a young boy can rarely accomplish the feat successfully.

"There is danger in hunting the boar unless the hunter keeps his head and remembers to step instantly aside after the shot is made. The boar goes straight ahead always, and apparently is unable to sense the fact that his intended victim has stepped out of this direct line. The ferocious animal—and there is none more furious—flies directly toward the place from which the shot comes, and if he has not been mortally wounded woe to the hunter who is in his path! But just one step aside and the beast is thrown off the trail; he cannot swerve to attack at the new point. Strangely enough many do not do this. It is not every man who can think quickly enough or act quickly enough upon his thought to make this simple effort to save his life."

In addition to being the only non-tangoing student in the university Dalip Singh possesses the distinction of being one of the rare students who never twang the light guitar or appeal to the fair maids of Barnard through the dulcet notes of a musical instrument. Here again, in spite of his adopted Americanism, the home traditions have prevailed with Sirdar Dalip Singh.

FRED KULZ

SARDAR DALIP SINGH GILL.

"It is usually men who are not of so high station who play upon the musical instruments," he explains. "We have them come in to our entertainments to play for us. We sit and listen just as we watch the dance, but we do not ourselves afford entertainment for others."

Loftily placed as he is upon University Heights, Dalip Singh has not failed to observe many of the interesting phases of American life beyond the pale of academic interests. Domestic conditions here he compares with those at home, with the balance a little in the home direction.

"Of divorce we know nothing," he says. "About ninety per cent of the married pairs get along happily at home. About ten per cent do not live happily, but still they continue to live together. About five per cent decide that they can no longer live together and the man goes home to his family, while the girl goes home to her family. Then after two or three years they may again try to live together. If they cannot then agree, each again goes to his or her own home to stay.

"And do they marry again?"

"No. For one thing they could get nobody to marry. A man will say of the girl, 'Well, she could not live happily with her husband, so she could not live happily with me.' A girl will also say that of a man who could not live well with his first wife."

"For one thing, there is not so much reason for divorce as here. You see everybody is married, every person. There are no unmarried men or unmarried women for the married people who are discontented with their own husbands or wives to go around with. When a man thinks he would like to have the wife of another man for his own wife it is soon found out by the husband, and then the husband shoots both of them. That is understood.

"You see," added Dalip Singh, as if presenting the universal solution, "it is entirely different. It is not possible for the wife to call up a man on the telephone and say, 'I'll meet you at the theatre!'"

"How do they manage to have things go peacefully with more than one wife in the house?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, that is so very rare that it hardly needs to be considered at all," said Mr. Gill. "You see the poor men cannot afford more than one wife and the well to do men do not want more than one. Also it is necessary that the first wife should agree that there should be a second wife. In the very rare cases where there is a second wife it is because the first wife has borne no heir and it is often she rather than the man of the house who decides that there must be a second wife. She selects the wife for him, usually from the women of her own family, her sister or cousin. This is the case where the man has a large estate which they desire to keep in the family. Then when the new wife comes and bears children the first wife is frequently given the care of the children while the second wife has household duties to perform. The two women live in harmony, because the newcomer is bound to give respect and obedience to the first wife. The husband must also give his respect and obedience in household affairs to the first wife and he must share his income with her. You see, after all, the only difference between there and here is that in my country the wives know when their husbands take a second wife while in this country the wives do not know.

"We haven't got suffrage in our country, but in many ways there are more rights for women than there are here. In the household the woman is the absolute ruler and her husband obeys her entirely in household matters."

"What happens if he does not obey?"

"Well, it would not be a happy home. The wife also has all of all the husband's income. If he is a poor man he divides all his money with her. If he is a rich man he puts the money in the bank and tells her what is there. Our word for wife means 'half.'"

Since he started out to be a self-supporting student Dalip Singh has found library work and lecturing to be reliable and agreeable sources from which he may derive an income. During a walk across the Columbia campus he confided to the interviewer his earnest wish to be known as a peaceful person not interested in politics.

The interviewer promised. "But why?" he asked.

"Because of the detectives," said Dalip Singh. "You must know that wherever there are natives of India in foreign countries there also are the detectives of the British government, watching, always watching to see if there is anything that they can write home about, anything that will make trouble for our people at home. They are suspicious that we have political interests and that we shall go home to make them trouble in the days to come. My ancestor, Colonel Budh Singh, had a much greater estate than has my father, but he fought with the native troops against the British in the uprising of 1849. He was killed in that war, and the British government took the estate from his line and gave it to a cousin who had fought on their side. But this cousin was unwilling that his family should be destitute, and so part of it he returned to my father.

"I have no intention of returning to my home to take any part against the government. I am a man of peace. I shall go back to work at my profession, and I shall help my own people all that I can. That is, I shall help them toward an education such as is given here. In all ways possible I shall help my people toward progress, but in politics I have no interest. I will be one of four or five native engineers. Almost all of that sort of work in my country is now done by Englishmen or Americans."

### Oldest Alumnus of Yale.

DR. DAVID FISHER ATWATER, said to be the oldest alumnus of Yale University, recently celebrated his ninety-sixth birthday at his home in Springfield, Mass. He is the only surviving member of the class of '39 and the senior alumnus of the class of '42, Yale Medical School.

Years have dealt kindly with Dr. Atwater, whose step is vigorous for a nonagenarian. His eyesight is still keen and his hearing is unimpaired. Most remarkable of all are Dr. Atwater's mental faculties. Not only does he retain a firm hold on the past, but the news of the present, art, science and literature, are of all absorbing daily interest.

Dr. Atwater was born in North Branford, Conn., October 29, 1817. His father, the Rev. Charles Atwater, was for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in North Branford. After Dr. Atwater's graduation from Yale in 1839 and the Medical School in 1842 he was appointed

Dr. David Fisher Atwater, Oldest Alumnus of Yale University.

assistant physician at Bellevue Hospital, New York. During Dr. Atwater's service at Bellevue Charles Dickens visited this country, and Dr. Atwater attended a banquet given by the Mayor of New York in honor of the author.

Leaving Bellevue Hospital, Dr. Atwater located in Brooklyn. While in Brooklyn he was surgeon of the Sixty-fourth New York regiment. He was a charter member of the American Medical Society and one of the original members of the New England Society of Brooklyn. Dr. Atwater moved to Cleveland on account of ill health and later came to Springfield. His brother, George M. Atwater, who died a few years ago at the age of eighty-seven, was the founder and for many years controlling stockholder of the Springfield street railway system.

### Indian Girl Writes Opera.

AT last there has been produced an indisputably American opera, "The Sun Dance," written by Zitkala Sa, a full blooded Sioux Indian, the wife of Mr. R. T. Bonnin, an employe of the government on the Uintah Indian Reservation at Vernal, Utah, collaborating with Professor W. Hansen.

The opera, which was recently given at the academy on the reservation, tells the story of the return of the sun from its death during the winter, of the kindliness of its light and warmth as it

Mrs. R. T. Bonnin (Zitkala Sa).

falls on the earth, of the plants and the trees that spring forth and grow under its rays, and of the whole world rejoicing in the sunshine.

For years Professor Hansen had witnessed the annual sun dance of the Indians, had watched the rhythmic shuffling of their feet, the posturing of their bodies, in the historic pantomime that had come down to them from their forefathers, who danced the dance in the same fashion long before the white man appeared.